

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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She looked shyly a moment at Selwyn. "I sometimes feel a curious desire for other things. I have been feeling it all day."

"What things?"

"I—don't know—exactly, substantial things. I'd like to learn about things. My father was the head of the American School of Archaeology in Crete. My mother was his intellectual equal, I believe. Do you know about my parents?" she asked. "They were lost in the Argolis, off Cyprus. You have heard. I think they meant that I should go to college—as well as Gerald. I don't know. Perhaps after all it is better for me to do what other young girls do. Besides, I enjoy it, and my mother did, too, when she was my age; they say. She was very much gayer than I am. My mother was a beauty and a brilliant woman. But there were other qualities. I—have her letters to father when Gerald and I were very little and her letters to us from London. I have missed her more this winter, it seems to me, than even in that dreadful time."

She sat silent, chin in hand, delicate fingers restlessly worrying her red lips; then in quick impulse:

"You will not mistake me, Captain Selwyn? Nina and Austin have been perfectly sweet to me and to Gerald."

"I am not mistaking a word you utter," he said.

"No, of course not, only there are times—moments—"

Her voice died; her clear eyes looked out into space while the silent seconds lengthened into minutes. One slender finger had slipped between her lips and teeth; one burnished strand of hair lay neglected against her cheek.

"You said you were going to look up Gerald," she observed.

"I am now. What are you going to do?"

"If Oh, dress, I suppose! Nina ought to be back now, and she expects me to go out with her."

She nodded a smiling termination of their duet and moved toward the door. Then on impulse she turned, a question on her lips—left unuttered through instinct. It had to do with the identity of the pretty woman who had so di-



"Don't forget Gerald."

rectly saluted him in the park—a perfectly friendly, simple and natural question. Yet it remained unuttered.

She turned again to the doorway. A maid stood there holding a note on a saucer.

"For Captain Selwyn, please," murmured the maid.

Miss Erroll passed out.

Selwyn took the note and broke the seal.

"My Dear Selwyn—I'm in a beastly fix—as L. O. U. due tonight and was de quod. Obviously I don't want Neergard to know, being associated, as I am, with him in business. As for Austin, he's a peppery old boy, bless his heart, and I'm not very secure in his good graces at present. Fact is, I got into a rather stiff game last night, and it's a matter of honor. So can you help me to tide it over? I'll square it on the lot of the month. Yours sincerely, GERALD ERROLL."

P. S.—I've meant to look you up for ever so long and will the first moment I have free.

Below this was penciled the amount due, and Selwyn's face grew very serious.

The letter he wrote in return ran:

Dear Gerald—Check inclosed to your order. By the way, can't you lunch with me at the Lenox club some day this week? Write, wire or telephone when. Yours, SELWYN.

When he had sent the note away by the messenger he walked back to the bay window, hands in his pockets, a worried expression in his gray eyes. This sort of thing must not be repeated. The boy must halt in his tracks and face sharply the other way. Besides, his own income was limited—much too limited to admit of many more loans of that sort.

He ought to see Gerald at once, but somehow he could not in decency appear personally on the heels of his loan. A certain interval must elapse between the loan and the lecture. In fact, he didn't see very well how he could admonish and instruct until the loan had been canceled—that is, until the first of the new year.

Pacing the floor, disturbed, uncertain as to the course he should pursue, he looked up presently to see Miss Erroll descending the stairs, fresh and sweet in her radiant plumage. As she caught his eye she waved a silvery chinchilla muff at him—a marching salute—and passed on, calling back to him, "Don't forget Gerald!"

"No," he said, "I won't forget Gerald." He stood a moment at the win-

dow watching the brougham below, where Nina awaited Miss Erroll. Then abruptly he turned back into the room and picked up the telephone receiver, muttering, "This is no time to mince matters for the sake of appearances." And he called up Gerald at the offices of Neergard & Co.

"Is it you, Gerald?" he asked pleasantly. "It's all right about that matter. I've sent you a note by your messenger. But I want to talk to you about another matter—something concerning myself. I want to ask your advice. In a way. Can you be at the Lenox by 6? You have an engagement at 8? Oh, that's all right. I won't keep you. It's understood, then—the Lenox at 6. Goodbye!"

There was the usual early evening influx of men at the Lenox who dropped in for a glance at the ticker or for a cocktail or a game of billiards or a bit of gossip before going home to dress.

Selwyn sauntered over to the basket, inspected a yard or two of tape, then strolled toward the window, nodding to Bradley Harmon and Sandon Craig.

As he turned his face to the window and his back to the room Harmon came up rather effusively, offering an un-



Selwyn quietly rose and stepped out of the circle.

usually thin, flat hand and further hospitality, pleasantly declined by Selwyn.

"Horrible thing, a cocktail," observed Harmon after giving his own order and seating himself opposite Selwyn. "I don't usually do it. Here comes the man who persuades me—my own partner."

Selwyn looked up to see Fane approaching, and instantly a dark flush overspread his face.

"You know George Fane, don't you?" continued Harmon easily. "Well, that's odd. I thought, of course—Captain Selwyn, Mr. Fane. It's not usual, but it's done."

They exchanged formalities—dry and brief on Selwyn's part, gracefully urbane on Fane's.

Sandon Craig and Billy Fleetwood came wandering up and joined them. One or two other men, drifting by, adhered to the group.

Selwyn, involved in small talk, glanced sideways at the great clock and gathered himself together for departure.

Fleetwood was saying to Craig, "Certainly it was a stiff game—Bradley, myself, Gerald Erroll, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes and the Ruthvins."

"Were you hit?" asked Craig, interested.

"No; about even. Gerald got it good and plenty, though. The Ruthvins were ahead, as usual."

Selwyn, apparently hearing nothing, quietly rose and stepped out of the circle, paused to set fire to a cigarette and then strolled off toward the visitors' room, where Gerald was now due. He found young Erroll just entering the room and greeted him with nervous cordiality.

"If you can't stay and dine with me," he said, "I won't put you down. You know, of course, I can only ask you once in a year, so we'll stay here and chat a bit."

"Right you are," said young Erroll, flinging off his very new and very fashionable overcoat—a wonderfully handsome boy, with all the attraction that a quick, warm, impulsive manner carries. "And I say, Selwyn, it was awfully decent of you to—"

"Boh! Friends are for that sort of thing, Gerald. Sit here." He looked at the young man hesitatingly, but Gerald calmly took the matter out of his jurisdiction by nodding his order to the club attendant.

"Lord, but I'm tired," he said, sinking back into a big armchair. "I was up till daylight, and then I had to be in the office by 9, and tonight Billy Fleetwood was—oh, something or other. By the way, the market isn't doing a thing for the shorts. You're not in it, are you?"

"No, not that way. I hope you are not either, are you, Gerald?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied the young fellow confidently, and, raising his glass, he nodded at Selwyn, with a smile.

"You were mighty nice to me anyhow," he said, setting his glass aside and lighting a cigar. "You see, I went to a dance, and after awhile some of us cleared out, and Jack Ruthven offered us trouble, so half a dozen of us went there. I had the worst cards a man ever drew to a kicker. That was all about it."

"Do you mind saying whether you

banked my check and drew against it?" asked Selwyn.

"Why, no; I just indorsed it over."

"To—to whom, if I may venture?"

"Certainly," he said, with a laugh. "To Mrs. Jack." Then in a flash for



"You were mighty nice to me anyhow," he said.

the first time the boy realized what he was saying and stopped again, scarlet to his hair.

Selwyn's face had little color remaining in it, but he said very kindly: "It's all right, Gerald. Don't worry."

"I'm a beast!" broke out the boy. "I beg your pardon a thousand times." "Granted, old chap. But, Gerald, may I say one thing—or perhaps two?"

"Go ahead. Give it to me good and plenty."

"It's only this. Couldn't you and I see one another a little oftener? Don't be afraid of me. I'm no wet blanket. I'm not so very aged either. I know something of the world; I understand something of men. I'm pretty good company, Gerald. What do you say?"

"I say sure!" cried the boy warmly.

"It's a go, then. And one thing more: Couldn't you manage to come up to the house a little oftener? Everybody misses you, of course. I think your sister is a trifle sensitive."

"I will," said Gerald, blushing. "Somehow I've had such a lot on hand—all day at the office and something on every evening. I know perfectly well I've neglected Billy—and everybody. But the first moment I can find free—"

Selwyn nodded. "And last of all," he said, "there's something about my own affairs that I thought you might advise me on."

Gerald, proud, enchanted, stood very straight. The older man continued gravely:

"I've a little capital to invest—not very much. Suppose—and this, I need not add, is in confidence between us—suppose I suggested to Mr. Neergard—"

"Oh," cried young Erroll, delighted. "That is fine! Neergard would be glad enough. Why, we've got that Valleydale tract in shape now, and there are scores of schemes in the air—scores of them—important moves which may mean—anything!" he ended excitedly.

"Then you think it would be all right—in case Neergard likes the idea?"

Gerald was enthusiastic. After awhile they shook hands, it being time to separate. And for a long time Selwyn sat there alone in the visitors' room, absent eyed, facing the blazing fire of cannon coal.

How to be friends with this boy without openly playing the mentor; how to gain his confidence without appearing to seek it; how to influence him without alarming him! No, there was no great harm in him yet; only the impulse of inconsiderate youth; only an enthusiastic capacity for pleasure.

One thing was imperative—the boy must cut out his card playing for stakes at once, and there was a way to accomplish that by impressing Gerald with the idea that to do anything behind Neergard's back which he would not care to tell him about was a sort of treachery.

Chapter 5

HE prospect perplexed and depressed Selwyn. He was suddenly aware that in a town where the divorced must ever be reckoned with when

dance and dinner lists are made out there is always some thoughtless hostess and sometimes a mischievous one, and the chances were that he and Mrs. Jack Ruthven would collide either through the forgetfulness or malice of somebody or through sheer hazard at some large affair where destiny and fate work busily together in criminal co-partnership.

Their encounter was all a mistake, born of the haste of a heedless and elderly matron celebrated for managing to do the wrong thing, but who had been excessively nice to him that winter and whose position in Manhattan was not to be assailed.

"Dear Captain Selwyn," she wheezed over the telephone, "I'm short one man, and we dine at 8 and it's that now. Could you help me? It's the rich and yellow this time, but you won't mind, will you?"

He explained to Mrs. T. West Minister his absurd delight at being asked. Then he sent for a cab and sauntered into the dining room, where he was received with undisguised hostility.

"She's been civil to me," he said; "jeuneuse oblige, you know, and that's why I—"

(To be Continued.)

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders For Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mother tongue frequently runs to baby talk.

SAVE RECIPE

Put it in a Safe Place, for it May Come in Handy. Mix This at First Sign.

Says Home-Made Mixture is Easily Prepared, and Cures Weak Kidneys and Bladder.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe. Try it:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here in town is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all uric and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause these afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

NEW MARKET.

Jan. 11, '09.

A. N. Miller and family, of Danville, spent Sunday with Mrs. Alice Vance and family.

Ed Roberts and wife will move to Hillsboro this week. Mr. Barker and family, of Hillsboro, will occupy the house vacated by Mr. Roberts.

Miss Martha Barrere spent Sunday at J. D. Van Winkle's.

Blanche Carrier is working at Jas. Key's at the present time.

Rev. DeLap filled his regular appointment at the M. E. Church Sunday evening.

A. M. Roush left Wednesday for Dayton and other points where he will spend most of the winter.

Elizabeth Lemon is spending this week at C. C. Muhlbach's.

Roy Carr left last week for Covington where he is employed as Insurance Agent.

The many friends of Mrs. John McReynold gave her a post card shower Saturday.

Albert Denohoo and daughter, Sylvia, of Dayton, spent the holidays under the parental roof.

The boys of this place belong to Co. D 1st Regiment, Hillsboro, left today for Columbus to take part in the inauguration of Gov. Harmon.

DeForest Emery and wife have moved to their home near Winchester.

WINKLE.

Jan. 11, '09.

Wheat looks pretty well in this neighborhood.

H. L. Hawk was a business caller in Hillsboro Saturday.

Ulric Peterson and J. F. Sonner have opened a roller skating rink here. It is open on Saturday night. A large crowd attended the opening of the rink last Saturday night.

Mr. Bishop, of Indiana, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Jane Carrier.

Miss Stella Carrier is very low with droopy.

Charles Wilson is on the sick list.

The I. O. O. F. of this place installed their officers Saturday night. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

Wm. Bishir, S. R. Pulliam, Charles and Roy King, who are now located at Portsmouth, spent Saturday and Sunday with the home folks.

Mrs. A. J. S. Calley was called to Mowrytown Saturday on account of the serious illness of her mother.

P. H. Ruble, of Taylorsville, was a business caller here Friday.

H. N. Pulliam and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. B. C. Sonner, last Wednesday.

Mrs. J. A. R. Hawk and C. W. Roler were visiting relatives at Taylorsville last week.

John—What kind of tea do you like best?

Priscilla—Go-tees, some, but Rocky Mountain Tea best.

John—Why Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea best?

Priscilla—It speaks for itself, John. (Makes lovely complexions.)

THE W. R. SMITH DRUG CO.

Special Bargains IN CLOAKS

We have a manufacturers consignment of

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks

Which we will close out at 1/3 off of former prices

COME AND SEE

J. H. RICHARDS & BRO.,

17 and 19 East Main St.,

HILLSBORO, - OHIO.

DETAILED STATEMENT.

(Continued from Page Three.)

Jesse Horton, salary	10 00	March 4, The Science Press, 1 yrs subscription to Popular Science	3 00
Dr J D McBride, salary	6 35	Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
H S McClure, salary	4 15	April 8, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
Jas Foley, repairing sewer	2 50	May 6, The Hillsboro Gazette, subscription for periodicals	75 00

Total Expenditures	\$ 308 32	for The Robt Clarke Co, mdse	5 42
		Frank Pearce, book	2 00
		Clara B Perin, salary	25 00

Balance in Treasury Jan 1, 1908	\$ 6,035 91	June 3, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
February 27, 1908		Clara B Perin, current expenses	5 00
February distribution of taxes	3,371 05	Robt Clarke Co, books	51 45

August 17, County Treasurer, June collection	3,154 28	July 8, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
November 2, Merchants' National Bank, interest on Cleveland Bonds	175 00	The Baker Saylor Co, books	9 75
Total Receipts	\$ 12,638 24	August 5, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00

Total Expenditures	\$ 11,978 98	September 2, Clara B Perin, current expenses	5 00
		Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
		The Hillsboro Dispatch, stationery	3 00

Balance in Treasury Dec 31, 1908	\$ 850 26	September 17, J R Clark, Standard dictionary	4 00
		October 7, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
		November 3, Clara B Perin, salary	25 00

January 24, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	\$ 30 00	November 3, W H Stange & Co, circulation book	19 00
February 29, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	730 00	November 20, Clara B Perin, exp to meeting state L. assoc	7 85
March 3, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	240 00	December 2, Chas McConaughay, insurance	11 00

March 4, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	180 00	W R Tucker & Co, books	29 50
March 4, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	75 00	Clara B Perin, salary	25 00
March 4, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	30 00	Total expenditures	\$ 541 30

March 5, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	185 00		
March 6, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	60 00		
March 7, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	150 00		

March 7, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	60 00		
March 11, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	75 00		
March 14, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	90 00		

March 15, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	30 00		
March 19, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	225 00		
April 4, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	90 00		

May 2, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	240 00		
June 24, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	15 00		
July 7, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	30 00		

August 30, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	45 00		
September 1, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	45 00		
September 2, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	150 00		

September 3, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	625 00		
September 5, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	210 00		
September 11, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	30 00		

September 12, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	30 00		
September 23, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	15 00		
September 26, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	90 00		

September 30, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	210 00		
October 1, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	60 00		
October 5, Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons	60 00		

October 9, A Mathews, bonds, premiums and interest	7,418 98		
Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	150 00		
October 22, Farmers' & Traders' Bank, coupons	105 00		

Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons.....	45 00	For payment existing in-	
September 2		debtedness.....	5,500 00
Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons.....	150 00	May 5, 1897—Bond paid.....	\$ 500 00
Merchants' Nat Bank, coupons.....		Feb 8, 1898—Bond paid.....	500 00